

The

SKOI-YASE



1927

*Sara
Skinner*

The

SKOI-YASE

VOLUME V



PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE SENIOR CLASS
OF WATERLOO HIGH SCHOOL

1927

The Orange and Black

Words and Music by T. L. GILLESPIE

I

Just a song as we journey onward,
May it cheer us on our way,
Till we reach the goal with honor
On our graduation day.
May it ever bring to memory
As we travel this wide domain,
The happy days of childhood,
When we joined in this glad refrain—

CHORUS:

Waterloo, you are the dearest,
You're the sweetest in memory;
When in after years I wander
I shall ever think of thee.
I see our emblem floating o'er us,
The Orange and Black so true;
They're the only colors,
And we want no others
At the High School of Waterloo.

II

When we say "fare thee well forever,"
To the school we've loved so well;
It will seem as though our parting
In our hearts will ever dwell;
But there's still this consolation,
With alumni we shall enchain
And with each annual banquet,
We will join in this glad refrain—

CHORUS:

Waterloo you are the dearest,
You're the sweetest in memory;
When in after years I wander
I shall ever think of thee.
My heart will long for old acquaintance,
As now in this dear old room,
We would raise the chorus
To a shout victorious
To the tune of our grand old—

Boom gig boom, Boom gig boom,
Boom gig a rig a gig a rig a gig a boom.
Boom get a rat trap
Bigger than a cat trap
Boom! Boom! Boom!
Hannibal, Cannibal, sis boom bah!
Waterloo High School
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Foreword

Friends and class mates deign to cast
These pages over till at last
The task is done.

Skoi-Yase, humble book,
Abroad we send you, do not loiter,
Enter every homely nook
Related to our Alma Mater.
Speed thee onward! Do not tarry!
Now away and get thee gone!
Breaths of fond remembrance carry
To all who long to see you come.
Records of our past you'll venture;
Our future you will prophesy
Skoi-Yase bespeaking culture,
Onward! Onward! Ever fly.



Skoi-Yase Monument and Waterloo High School

This issue of the Skoi-Yase is affectionately dedicated to two students of Waterloo High School, whom God in His infinite mercy has taken from us during the school year.

JOHN DeLONG of the Class of 1927

Ever a loyal student and a credit to the institution in every way, and

HELEN SEMTNER of the Class of 1930

who, during her few days in High School made many friends who will ever remember her pleasant smile and good companionship.

GREETINGS FROM THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

By DR. CARROLL B. BACON, President

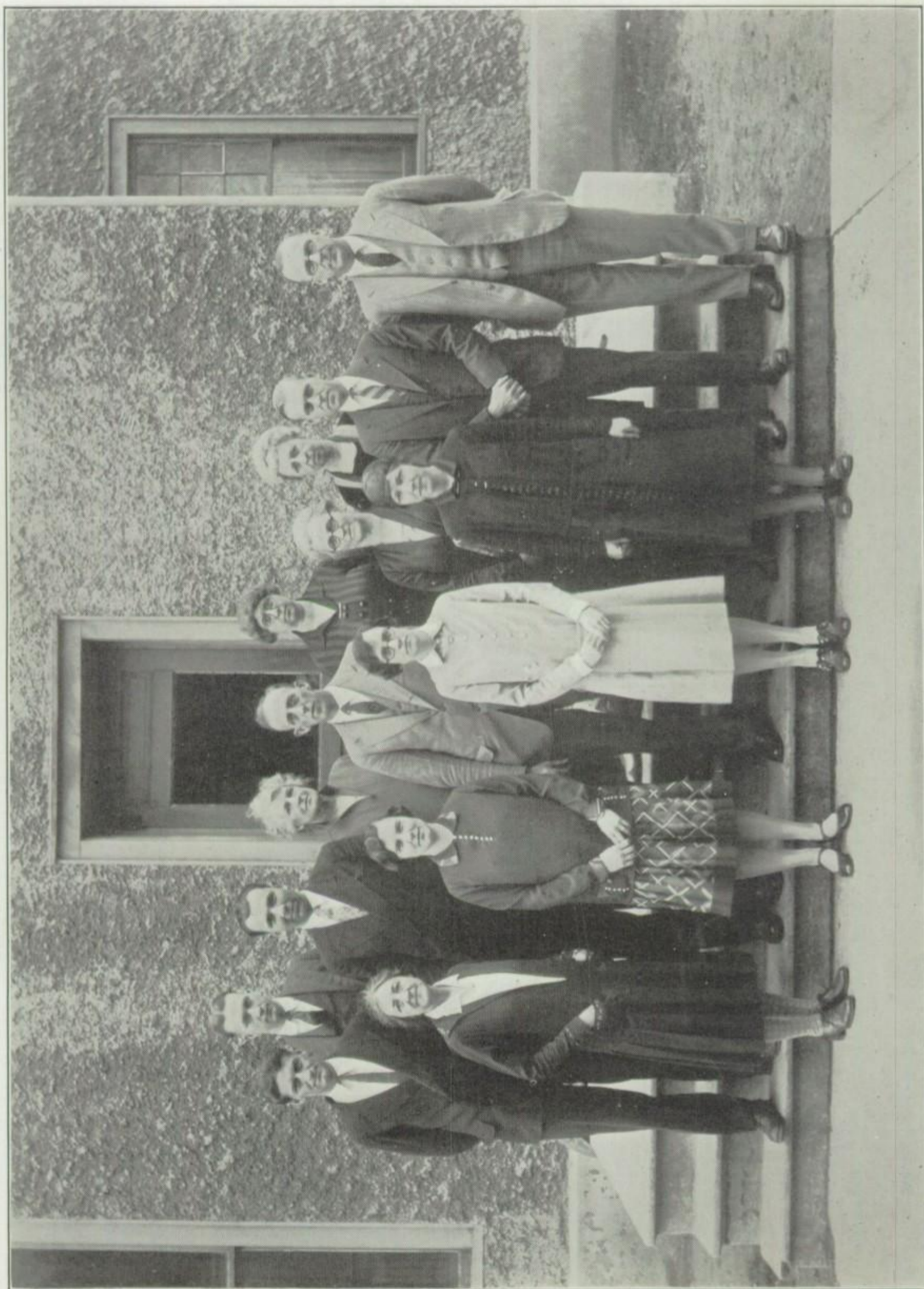
Through the courtesy of the Board of Editors of the Skoi-Yase it has become my privilege to extend the greetings and good wishes of the Board of Education to the Faculty, Students and Alumni of the Waterloo High School. For the first time the Board of Education has a place in the Senior Annual. This will be a fortunate innovation if it helps to bring the Board of Education and the Student Body into a closer relationship and promotes a better understanding between them.

Very few realize the amount of work done by the Members of the Board of Education—the hours and days devoted to the solving of the various problems of school administration. Our conclusions are not always correct. But so long as we act in accord with our best judgment we trust that time will prove that we are more often right than wrong. This work is without any compensation except the satisfaction to be derived from a duty well done. The only tangible rewards are an occasional slight commendation and very frequent adverse criticisms. But praise or blame is of little moment to a school trustee if he is the kind of trustee that a school needs. Yet the question naturally arises: Why be a school trustee? The answer is: Because we realize that you are the principle asset of the State and of the Nation. Upon you and your contemporaries depends the future of the world's greatest experiment in Democracy, the United States of America. The responsibility is yours and yours alone. But if we can help you to meet it, that will be reward enough. Remember we have your interests at heart. Anything we can do to smooth your pathway or aid your progress will be gladly done. We believe that nothing will assist you so much as the years you spend in school. And this is why we are striving to make the school all it should be. That is our part. Your part is to remember that no school is better or worse than its Faculty and Students. This is why we ask you to adopt high standards and live up to them. We are interested in the school and in you. We watch with pride your record in scholarship. We are interested in your athletics and all your activities. Your success is our success. Your triumphs are our triumphs. Your failures are ours—to regret. May they be few.

Opportunity

JNO. J. INGALLS

Master of human destines am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk: I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping wake: if feasting rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death: but those who doubt or hesitate
Condemned to failure, penury and woe
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return no more!



Waterloo High School Faculty, 1926-1927

THE FACULTY

MR. CHARLES E. FOLEY, B. S., M. S., Syracuse - *Supervising Principal*

MR. WARREN E. HERTENSTEIN, B. S., M. S., North Western - *Vice-Principal*
(*Science*)

Miss Katherine C. Hiller, Syracuse, Columbia
(*History*)

Miss Elizabeth J. Reamer, Ph. B. Cornell, Ph. B. Albany Teachers' College
(*Mathematics*)

Mrs. Mabel Price, A. B., Hillsdale College
(*Latin, Algebra*)

Miss Helen Fahy, A. B. New Rochelle
(*French, Latin*)

Miss Dorothy Howland
(*Drawing*)

Miss Hortense Proskine, B. S., Syracuse University
(*Commercial*)

Mr. Roy B. Miller, A. B. Cornell University
(*English*)

Mrs. Leslie N. Ryan, Ithaca Conservatory
(*Music*)

Mrs. Alice Post Allison, B. S. William Smith
(*Home Economics*)

Mr. Laverne Pontius, Oswego State Normal
(*Manual Training*)

Mr. Harold Cook, Cortland Normal
(*Physical Training*)

Mrs. Maud Ten Eyck, Cortland Normal
(*Librarian*)

Mr. Mortimer Sweeney, A. B. New York State College for Teachers
(*Mathematics, English*)

WATERLOO HIGH SCHOOL

CLASS OF 1927

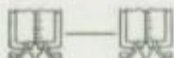
DONALD RAMSEY	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President</i>
DOROTHY TWIST	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Vice-President</i>
ANNA CARROLL	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary</i>
STUART CALDER	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Treasurer</i>

Valedictorian - - - - - Edith Paine

Salutatorian - - - - - Louise Durkin

HONOR STUDENTS

Florence Comiskey	Charles Harris
Donald Boak	Stuart Calder
Anna Carroll	



A new method has been tried this year in publishing the Senior Year Book. In order to avoid, as much as possible, absence from school on the part of students on account of business connected with the editing of a book, a large part of the work has been done through the school office by the Principal and his secretary, Miss Staley. Each member of the Class has done their bit, as they were called upon, to make the book a success. Special credit is due to Anna Carroll for her work in the literary department, and to Donald Boak and Stuart Calder for their work as business managers. Mr. Miller, head of the English Department, has been of great value as a critic and as a contributor.

The Skoi-Yase is not a money making proposition and must of course receive considerable aid from advertisers. In order to be more fair with the local merchants, who do support school activities, no advertising has been solicited outside of Waterloo except in the case of schools and lines of business that are not represented locally. Each advertiser is to receive a copy of the book and it is hoped that a closer spirit of co-operation will develop both on the part of the advertisers and of the purchasers of the Skoi-Yase.



DONALD RAMSEY

*"If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work."*

Treasurer, '24
President, '27
Basket Ball, '25, '26, '27

DOROTHY TWIST

*"The class of fashion, and the mould of
form, the observed of all observers!"*

Basket Ball, '25, '26
Basket Ball Manger, '27
Glee Club, '26
Vice-President, '27

ANNA CARROLL

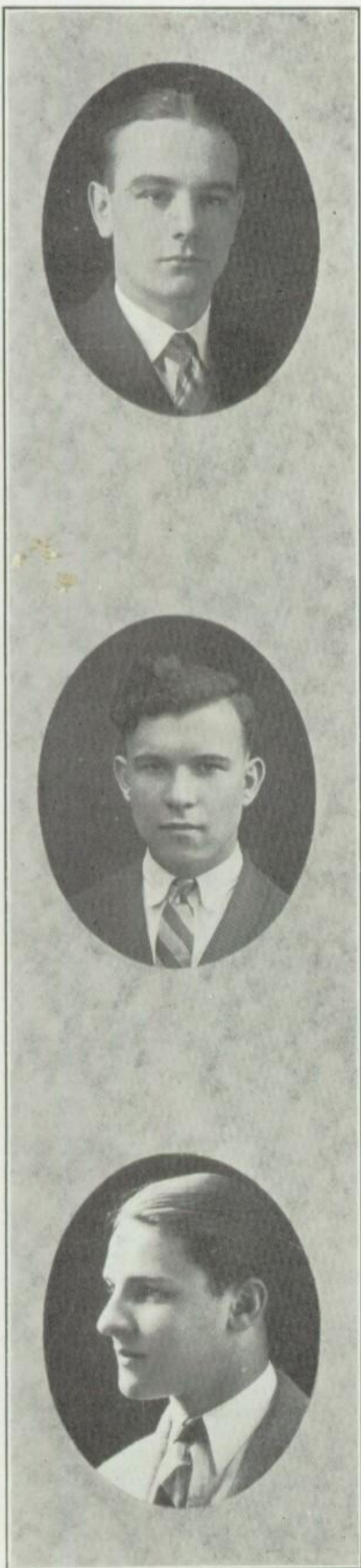
*"Winding up days with toil, and nights
with sleep"*

Glee Club, '24, '27
Declamation, '26
Secretary, '27

STUART CALDER

*"I dare do all that may become a man; who
dares do more, is none."*

President, '24
Student Council, '25
Treasurer, '27
Senior Play, '27
Orchestra, '27



CHARLES CURLE

"I have an exposition of sleep come upon me."

Basket Ball, '23, '24, '26, '27

Base Ball, '25, '26

Foot Ball, '25, '26

GEORGE McKEVITT

"Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could say how much."

Basket Ball, '24, '25, '26, '27

Base Ball, '24, '25, '26, '27

Foot Ball, '25, '26

Declamation, '25

ADOLPH SEMTNER

"Lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet."



ESTHER NASH

"There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

Manager of Girls' Basket Ball, '26



MARGARET McQUAY

"Man delights not one, no, nor woman neither."

Senior Play, '27

Glee Club, '27



CHARLES HARRIS

"It would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest forever."

Secretary, '26

Senior Play, '27

Declamation, '27



EDITH PAINE

"Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty."

Senior Play, '27

Declamation, '27

Glee Club, '25, '26, '27

Valedictorian



HAROLD HOY

"A lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing."

Senior Play, '27
 Declamation, '27
 Inter-Class Basket Ball, '27



MARAGARET ROBINSON

"As merry as the day is long."

Tattler Board, '25, '26
 Glee Club, '26



MARGARET THEOBALD

"Mislike me not for my complexion, is shadow'd livery of the burnished sun."

Senior Play, '27
 Glee Club, '26, '27
 Declamation, '27



HAROLD ARCHER

"Well said: that was laid on with a trowel."

Inter-Class Basket Ball
 Senior Play, '26
 Foot Ball, '27



LOUISE DURKIN

"This is the very coinage of your brain."

Glee Club, '26, '27
Vice-President, '25
Salutatorian, '27



JESSIE GERLACH

*"I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Lest bad begins, and worse remains be-
hind."*



ALBERT PRICE

*"I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again."*

Orchestra, '24, '25, '26, '27



MILDRED MARSH

*"Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the rough-
est day."*

Senior Play, '27



RUTH TROUTMAN

"We know what we are, but know not what we may be."

Basket Ball, '24, '25
Senior Play, '26
Glee Club, '25

DORIS KUNEY

"Let it be tenable in your silence still."

Senior Play, '26
Glee Club, '24, '26

MARGARET MORAN

"I do not set my life at a pins fee."

Glee Club, '27
Senior Play, '27

ELIZABETH CUDDEBACK

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

Senior Play, '26
Orchestra, '25, '26



ELIZABETH McKEVITT

*"I am not merry: but I do beguile the thing
I am, but seeming otherwise."*

Glee Club, '24, '26

Glee Club, '24, '26



MARTHA RUHNAU

"They laugh that win."

Glee Club, '27



WILLIAM CONNOLLY

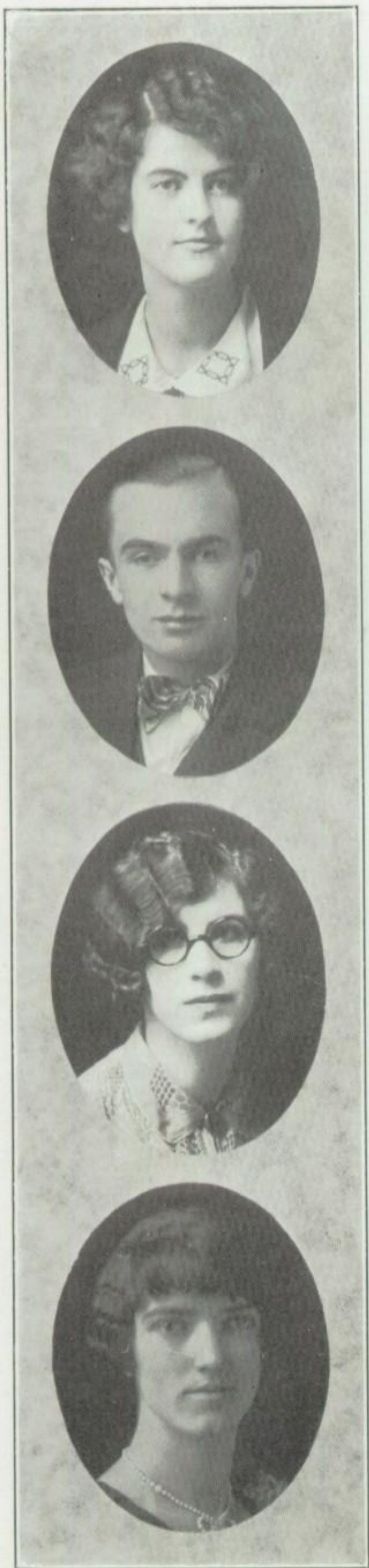
"I am the very pink of courtesy."

Glee Club, '27



FLORENCE COMISKEY

*"Yet I do fear thy nature: it is too full o'
the milk of human kindness."*



NORMA KELLY

*"But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves com-
mit."*

Vice-President, '23
President, '24
Glee Club, '23, '24, '25
Senior Play, '27

JOHN GILMORE

*"Men have died from time to time,
And worms have eaten them,
But not for love."*

Manager of Foot Ball, '26
Senior Play, '27
Base Ball, '24, '25, '26, '27

FRANCES PURCELL

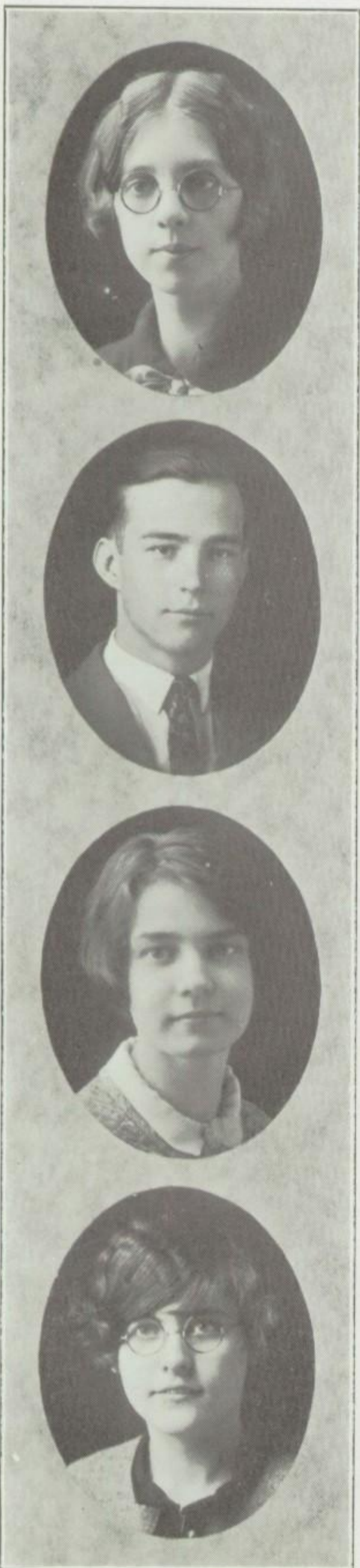
*"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
her infinite variety."*

Glee Club, '25, '26

FRANCES RIDLEY

"Striving to better, oft we mar what's well."

Senior Play, '26



MARY COOK

"There are occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things."

Glee Club, '26
Orchestra, '27

JOHN PRICE

"And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault doth make the fault the worse by the excuse."

Treasurer, '25
Foot Ball, '26
Senior Play, '27
Lincoln Essay Medal, '27

MADALEINE DODD

*"I am all the daughters of my father's house;
And all the brothers too."*

Declamation, '26
Glee Club, '26
Secretary, '24, '25
Treasurer, '26
Tattler Board, '26

JUNE VAN KEUREN

*"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn,
good and ill together."*



DONALD BOAK

"I am not in the roll of common men."

President, '26

Declamation, '26

Senior Play, '27

MARGUERITE OLPH

"But thy eternal summer shall not fade."

Glee Club, '26, '27

VERNICE READER

"To be once in doubt, is once to be resolved."

IRVING PULLMAN

*"I am not only witty in myself,
But the cause that wit is in other men."*

Senior Play, 27



DORIS DOUGHERTY

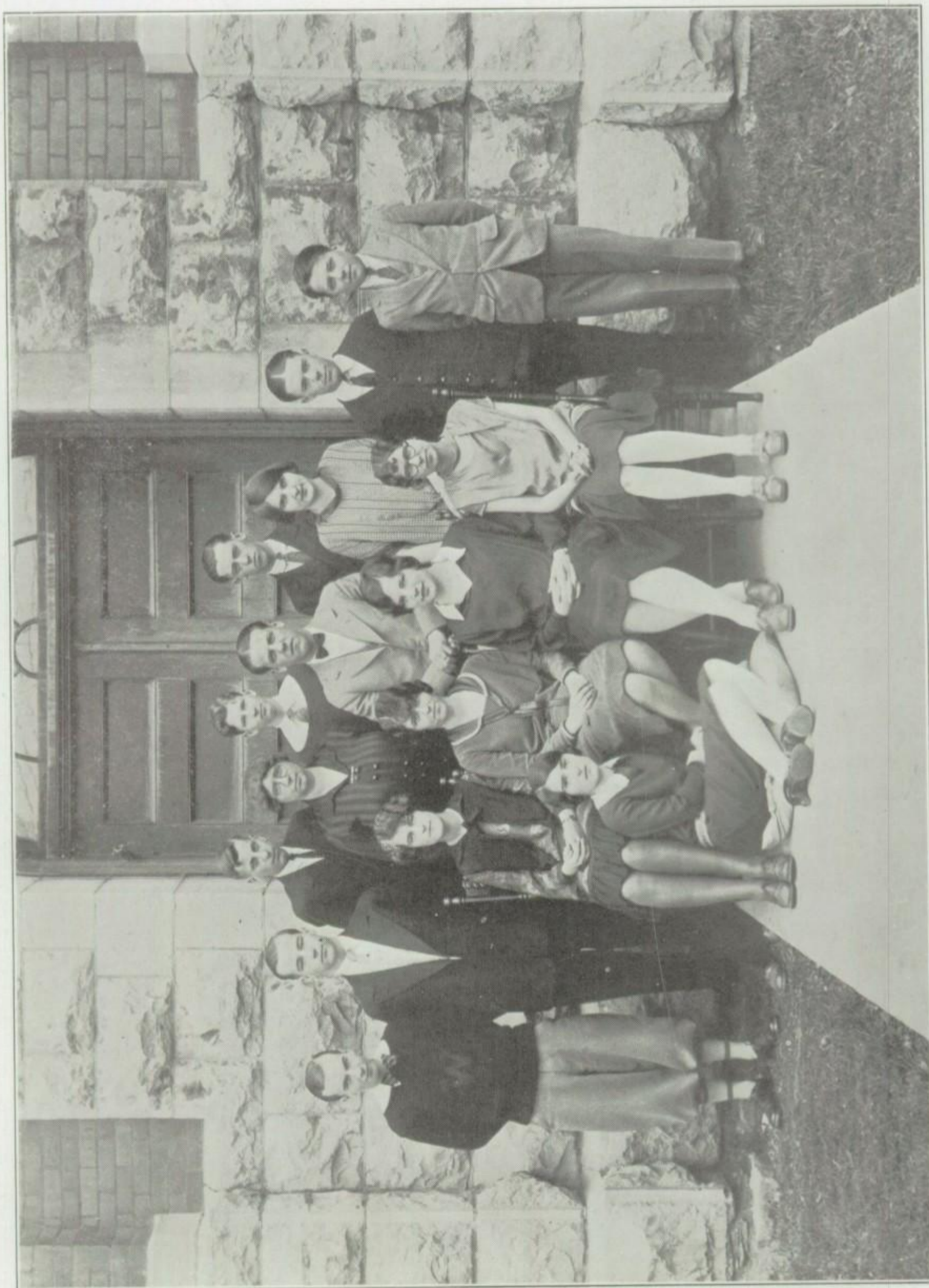
Basket Ball, '25, '26, '27
Captain of Basket Ball, '27



HAROLD BIRCH

"All I ask is to be left alone."

Senior Play, '27
Inter-Class Basket Ball, '26, '27



Senior Play Cast, 1926-1927

SEVENTEEN

"Seventeen," by Booth Tarkington, was presented by the Senior Class this year in the Assembly Hall, February 11 and 12. It is a story of youth at the age of seventeen. The home life of the Baxter family was very well portrayed by Margaret Theobald as Mrs. Baxter, Harold Birch as Mr. Baxter, Donald Boak as William Baxter and Margaret Moran as little Jane Baxter who is always eating bread and butter, applesauce and sugar. William, much to the disapproval of his mother, persists in saying, "Ye Gods," every time he is spoken to. His only interest was literature until May Parcher (Margaret McQuay), a neighboring girl, has a visitor. The visitor, Lola Pratt, the baby-talk lady, wins all the boys' hearts. May Parcher's father, Mr. Parcher, (Harold Hoy) is always ignored; nobody pays any attention to him. Charles Harris showed his talents as a comedian in the Genesis, the negro boy.

May Parcher gives a farewell party for Lola, who is sorry to leave the boys. Joe Bullet (Irving Pullman), Johnny Watson (Stuart Calder), Wallie Banks (John Price), George Crouper, the rich man's son from Junius, (John Gilmore), Mary Brooks (Mildred Marsh), Ethel Boke (Edith Paine), who is a visiting girl, but a poor dancer, attend the party. Lola is unable to give William the last dance, because he arrived late, due to the fact that it was necessary for him to secure a dress suit in which to appear that night. Lola leaves for the train, while Ethel Boke leads William off for the last dance. William is sad and brokenhearted. Life at seventeen is hard.



Class of 1928



JUNIORS

HISTORY OF CLASS OF 1928

When the Class of 1928 made its entrance into Waterloo High School, we were determined to make it a class worthy of honor. We, therefore, selected our officers with this thought in mind. James Tuomey was elected president; Irma Seeber, vice-president; Louise Durkin, secretary, Franklin Baker, treasurer. We also elected Mr. Thomas Class Advisor.

Every year at Hallowe'en each class prepares a stunt which is presented either in the gym or in the Assembly Hall. That year it was presented in the Assembly Hall, and we considered the Frosh stunt excellent.

The summer vacation passed quickly, and we again were back in school. This time as Sophomores. The class was somewhat smaller, but the majority had come back. Miss Post was chosen class advisor; Franklin Baker, president; Leatha Sweet, vice-president; Barbara Becker, secretary, and Francis McDonald, treasurer.

About this time we had a class meeting to decide what colors we wanted for our banner. Royal purple and white were selected. The banner may be seen in its honored position in the Study Hall.

There were no other social activities for the Sophomore Class until May, when we gave a play, which was a great success, financially and otherwise. This was due to the excellent direction of Mrs. Ryan and the help of Miss Post. Soon after this came the Sophomore Hop, which was one of the prettiest affairs of the season. At the end of the school year the Sophomore Class held a picnic at Owasco Lake Park.

As September came around again, we began our third year in High School. Now we are Juniors. The class advisors elected were: Mr. Ryan and Miss Post. John Berry was elected president; Barbara Becker, vice-president; Franklin Baker, treasurer, and Helen Talbert, secretary.

Next year will be our last year in High School. We will graduate then and make our way into the world, but I think that none of us will ever forget the days they spent in High School.

HELEN TALBERT, '28,



Class of 1929



SOPHOMORES

SOPH. MINUTES

September 26, 1926.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. Foley. Nominations were made and seconded for president, and Samuel Post was elected; for vice-president, Esther Riesdorph; for secretary, Frances Laffan; for treasurer, Stanley Ryan; class advisor, Mr. Miller. The meeting was then adjourned by Samuel Post, president.

October 25, 1926.

Meeting was called to order by President Post for the Tattler Stunt. There were suggestions for mock trials, and mock weddings, but we finally decided upon a minstrel. We then adjourned.

October 26, 1926.

Mr. Miller called the meeting to order and appointed the parts for the minstrel. We practiced all that day and the 27th, 28th and 29th. We put it on in the "Gym." It proved a success.

November 3, 1926.

Frank Foley, the new president, called a meeting to order to decide about a weiner roast. The appointed day was Friday, November 5th, but because of unfavorable weather the roast was not held.

December 23, 1926.

A meeting was called at 12 o'clock to decide what to give Mr. Miller as a Christmas gift. We decided on a five dollar gold piece. The meeting was adjourned at 12:10.

January 13, 1927.

A meeting was held to arrange a sleigh load. We decided to go to Geneva to the show. Everyone who wished to go to be at the school at 6:30 with 25c as fare. The sleigh load was a success; but we went to Seneca Falls, as it was too cold to go to Geneva.



Class of 1930



FRESHMEN

CLASS OF 1930

We entered High School in September nineteen twenty-six, as Freshmen, happy but ignorant, and ready for all the victories and disappointments that might be our fate to meet during the coming year.

We realized that no class is prosperous unless it has been organized and officers chosen, so we held our first meeting in September for this purpose. The following officers were elected: President, Clarence Scott; vice-president, Dritha Duffy; secretary, Dorothy Litzenberger; treasurer, John Bucknar. Mr. Cook was chosen to be our class advisor.

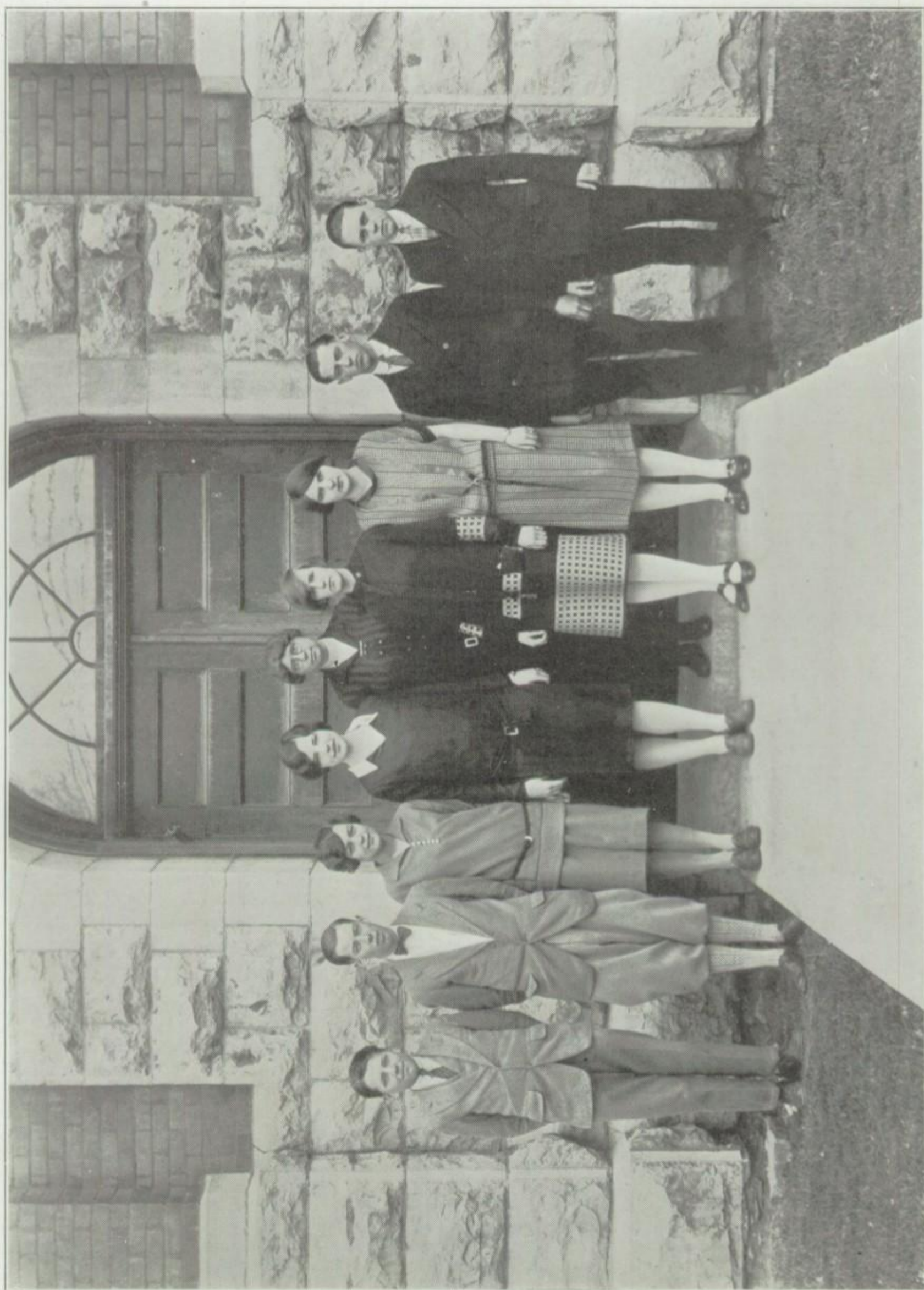
We held our second meeting the first of October. It was decided to have our class banner purchased. A committee was chosen to carry out this plan. Blue and silver were the colors selected.

The Class of '30 was well represented in the Hallowe'en Stunt party.

The girls' basketball team claimed two of our members; Adelaide and Cassandra Waterman. James Morrin represented our class in foot ball. Francis Bordner was chosen for the basketball team.

As our Freshman year draws to a close we hope that the future may be as bright and prosperous as this past year has been.

DRITHA DUFFY, '30.



Prize Speaking Contestants and Coach, 1926-1927

PRIZE SPEAKING

The annual prize speaking contest, for which Seniors and Juniors are eligible, and which has been a custom in Waterloo High School for many years was held in Assembly Hall on April 29th. First prize for the girls was won by Irma Seeber and second by Barbara Becker. First prize for the boys by Charles Harris and second by Harold Hoy. Contestants are chosen by the two classes and from these students the Faculty select the eight who in their judgment will do the best in this kind of competition. Each class has two girls and two boys who enter the contest and there is a first prize of \$10.00, and a second prize of \$5.00 for the girls and the same for the boys. The money for these prizes is appropriated each year by the Board of Education, but is usually more than repaid by the receipts from the contest.

The speakers this year and their selections were as follows:

"His Soul Goes Marching On"	- - -	Margaret Theobald
"What the Fiddle Told"	- - - - -	Edith Paine
"Cato's Speech to the Conscript Fathers"	- -	Harold Hoy
"Americanization"	- - - - -	Charles Harris
"An American Citizen"	- - - - -	Barbara Becker
"The Selfish Giant"	- - - - -	Irma Seeber
"The Black Horse and His Rider"	- - - - -	Max Reigle
"Lincoln and the Constitution"	- - - - -	Philip Larish

Autographs

TAKING THE HURDLES

By R. B. MILLER

English Department

What does commencement mean to the average graduate? Popular artists have symbolized that meaning for the magazines. One shows a youth in cap and gown, his right hand holding a diploma to his breast, his left hand resting upon the globe, his nose in the air, his eyes looking down on all creation. Another exhibits a "sweet young graduate" up in the clouds, sitting on top of the world. Thousands have doubtless smiled at the humorous truthfulness of those pictures. Who hasn't felt much the same at leaving school—predestined to conquest and empire? A third design has another meaning: commencement is at the bottom of a ladder, with one foot on the first round.

In a larger sense of the word commencement is a new start at any time of life. Human nature is fond of imagining itself at the threshold of a bright future. Correspondence schools and publishers of books on etiquette, will power, language mastery, physical culture, and such-like royal roads to knowledge, are getting rich by playing on this weakness. A dirty youngster in overalls is depicted staring at the vacant chair of the industrial captain for whom he is grubbing at starvation wages. All that keeps him from passing that enchanted doorway is the lack of a course listed in the attached coupon. Could the advertiser of ways to wealth and prominence more favorably attract the attention of a new generation to his wares?

Picture-language tells us, then, that commencement has different meanings to different individuals. Some graduates go into the life which is just commencing for them with over-optimistic reliance on their ability to pick and choose their callings and land at the top by a magical exertion of their educated minds; others realize their deficiencies and humbly resolve to make good as most of the world's successful men and women have done before and will do in the future—by honestly earning each promotion from the very beginning and all the way up. The comparative importance of those meanings (attitudes toward the race of life about to be entered—one's meanings and attitudes amount to the same thing) may be seen in the careers of two of our country's most notable men. The attitude of one was that he deserved riches and honors at the hands of his compatriots, but if America did not lavish them to suit him, her enemies would. That man was Benedict Arnold; he died "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." The attitude of the other was that he would study and prepare himself, and some day his chance

WATERLOO HIGH SCHOOL

might come. That man was Abraham Lincoln; he died "a man for the ages." Arnold pictured himself with a good share of the world under his thumb; Lincoln saw himself at the foot of the ladder, getting ready to climb. There we have meanings and attitudes carried through to the limits.

A page or two farther on something will be said about a hurdle race in which young men from all over the country take part. Some of those contestants are from our own school; some are strangers from other communities. We may understand the significance of that race better as a figure of speech if we look for the moral in the lives of the competitors as they go through school in preparation for the event. Every story may be taken as a sample of life which we live in imagination. Often we may profit by reading about the real or fictitious doings of other people just as well as if we actually participated ourselves.

By following a typical boy through his course from the first day of school we get a new view of its importance. On the opening day of the primary grade he graduates from the existence of an irresponsible idler. Lessons, duties, and responsibilities begin; punishments in the form of reproof, poor marks, detention, physical pain, forfeiture of privileges, and even compulsory repetition of a whole year's work, result from failure to perform those childish tasks now required of him. School may mean the first disillusionment of his life, his first experience with the discipline which is to pursue him the rest of his days. At school he is no longer the sole object of maternal love and self-denial; he is one of many in similar circumstances; he has entered a world of competition, in which his own efforts and abilities determine his rise or fall. He is judged by new standards. What passed for exceptional cleverness worthy of approval at home, may be ignored or frowned upon at school. Perhaps many other young first-graders are smarter than he, or better behaved, and to his chagrin he finds himself either struggling for recognition on his merits or subsiding into the ranks of the average or inferior. Each new year, each new teacher, puts him to additional tests. His manner of meeting them, succeeding or failing, grows into a habit that will count for much hereafter.

Graduation from elementary or grammar school is the first formal commencement, signalized by the awarding of a certificate or diploma. For some unfortunates this is the only and final record of scholaristic achievement. In our typical case, though, it merely marks the transition to high school and suddenly increased responsibilities and privileges. In this environment he encounters new classmates, new teachers, new methods. There are strange subjects to study; there are novel inducements to distract his attention. "Vacation periods" afford a chance to waste time in the study

hall. Freshman class activities, athletics, and a variety of unfamiliar attractions may lead to neglect of work, consequent dislike of study, and failure. The right to vote and hold office, to attend meetings conducted in parliamentary order, to voice an opinion that may influence the minds of his "fellow citizens"—this is democracy in operation. He takes on importance in his own estimation, an importance that increases with the years. He "makes" an athletic team, sings in the glee club, plays in the orchestra, speaks in the auditorium, and looks down patronizingly at the members of the classes below. In turn he becomes a Sophomore, a Junior, a Senior. He learns to talk familiarly with the teachers, comments knowingly on the reasons for his "flunking Regents," wears collegiate clothing, and perhaps smokes a pipe or cigarette in public. Quite a man! He even takes his girl to parties, shows, and dances. Who knows? Maybe he makes love to her! Yes, indeed, quite a man! Read about him in the Senior Annual at commencement this year; his prizes and distinctions, his athletic "W," his class and committee offices, his appearance in print as an author and a poet (for the school publications), his all-'round accomplishments are bound to impress you.

And now we have come to the hurdles. They are so important that they have a place in our title. Call them symbolical, if you wish, like the cover on the magazine. Imagine yourself in the stadium of a Central New York university. Archbold Stadium will do, or the Cornell Crescent, if you are acquainted with that. School colors are a-flutter. These are the Inter-scholastics. Representatives from all over the country are here. The Waterloo "W" appears, and both on the field and in the stands you see many familiar faces. (There may be a moral in this!)

The race is about to commence. Lined up at the starting point, the athletes are digging spiked shoes into the track and getting set for the report of the pistol. A hundred and twenty yards down the straight-away is stretched the tape, dimly seen, if not invisible, from here. Between stand a number of fence-like barriers, the hurdles, which each contestant must go over, not around, as quickly and cleanly as possible. All about the field extend tiers of seats packed with the spectators, fathers, mothers, dear ones, friends, "and others," looking on with a great variety of emotion, ranging from tolerant indifference to the fiercest intensity of interest. The starter barks a command, the competitors crouch in readiness, the timers hold the stop-watches, the people in the stands look for the flash from the lifted gun.

Crack! There they go!

From the very start a few spring into the lead, a majority are practi-

WATERLOO HIGH SCHOOL

cally abreast, some strive vainly to overtake them, and one or two, having stumbled and fallen at the first jump, are already out of it.

Now the hurdle. Watch the leaders, well-trained, effortless, machine-like, gliding over the barrier and speeding for the next one. Look! Too bad; the young fellow who seemed to have such a good chance to win has upset his hurdle and disqualified. Positions change rapidly. Some of the foremost fall behind; some of the others stride ahead; the stragglers trail along farther and farther, until several yards separate them from those who will fight for first place.

The second hurdles are passed. The result of training and experience begin to show. Over the level track an extra burst of speed, an added output of strength, means an advantage between hurdles; over the hurdles a superiority in taking the leap and resuming full speed will tell at the finish.

It takes but a few seconds to run this race; it is hardly started before it is all over. As the rivals are throwing every ounce of energy into the desperate spurt for the tape, let us glance for an instant at the mass of humanity in the stands. Our moral may grow more apparent.

Seated in the choicest reserved section opposite the center of the field, among the best dressed and proudest families, a middle-aged couple are watching their boy, now and then casting anxious looks from him to his adversaries in the fore. How different they must have looked and felt a brief moment ago! Now the father compresses his lips nervously and widens his eyes in bewilderment; the mother clutches his arm and stares woe-fully, deaf to the applause which is meant for a boy other than hers. Beaten! Hopelessly outclassed! Their son! About them are other couples of their station in life. Some cast them a hasty glance of sympathy, then turn their gaze to the track and forget them. Some nudge each other and bob their heads toward them with I-told-you-so triumph. The rest know nothing about their tragedy and care less.

See who is taking the last hurdle. The stalwart young fellow is a good yard ahead of his nearest opponent. Oh, yes, we know him. Where are his parents? We needn't look for them in the high-priced reserved section. There they are, too far from the finish line to see very distinctly, but near enough to know what is what. They have put on their Sunday best, yet that is nothing extra, for they have had to scrape and pinch in order to put their youngster through school and give him advantages in life they never enjoyed themselves. The man's face is beaming with happiness through the harsh angles and wrinkles that long years of toil and worry have produced. His wife's features likewise bear the marks of sacrifice, but her work-dimmed eyes glow and her heart beats faster. This little victory of

their son's is more significant to them than it would be to folks whose children are accustomed to fine things which he would never dream of having. He has worked hard for this event, just as he has worked for everything else he has set his mind to. He deserves his medal, and they deserve their contentment. (Are we looking yet for the lesson?)

A roar of applause marks the finish. The young fellow who breaks the tape is followed across the last white mark by two or three others in quick succession, each bound to win at least a second or third place. To the rest it doesn't matter much, but most of them run their race to the end, as a matter of formality or for the slight satisfaction of determining relative merits in a lost cause. The tailenders do not bother to go through with it. Before the last runner is off the track the hurdles are being removed and the announcer is calling out the results of this race and proclaiming the next.

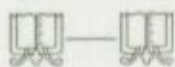
Like our picture of the graduate sitting on top of the world or taking the first step on the ladder, this allegory of the hurdles can be interpreted better in terms of actual experience after you have *had* such experience. The first time you read the story of Gareth and Lynette in *The Idylls of the King* you probably saw nothing in it but what appeared on the surface. A number of years later you may go back to it and appreciate how Tennyson really put into it the whole history of a young man's progress through life. You can see the conflict between his own wishes and those of others who have his well-being at heart but would subordinate his manly qualities in order to shield him from the trials of manhood. You can recognize his need of enduring insults and misunderstandings when resenting them would turn him aside from his mission. You can admire the perseverance of the youth who comes back after each rebuff of fortune with this challenge to disagreeable duty, "Lead, and I follow." Such are the hurdles the graduate will face at commencement, for then he is merely awaiting the signal that is to send him on toward the goal which perhaps he cannot yet see in the distance, the goal which he may never reach in the scramble of competition.

One day the entrant in this race is a Senior, the next he is again a Freshman. He started in his first year of elementary school with vague but optimistic dreams. They soon faded into the commonplace of hard work and discipline. The fascinations of High School similarly revealed behind them a complement of dull realities. So it will always be. The West Pointer joins his regiment as a subaltern who knows less of real garrison service than the lowest private in the ranks. The college graduate enters the employ of a great industrial concern to become an insignificant cog in a wheel which would scarcely miss him if he dropped out. Even the President of

the United States has many things to learn when he accepts the highest office this country can bestow. Everywhere we see the track being cleared for the next event before the last contestants have left the field. But the obstacles remain somewhere at hand.

The young knight of the Idyll furnishes a good example for the young man of today. Too many of our modern youths grow faint-hearted at the discouragements of their struggle. With more Gareths in the world there would be fewer suicides among our intellectual students at college, fewer stumbling and falling at the first jump from the "starting line" of commencement. We want those of the "*Lead, and I follow*" sort.

Now is the time for taking out insurance against failure. An inventory of assets and liabilities is important: Have I spent my time profitably while in school? In what subjects did I take most interest? Can I be trusted to go ahead with a job and work at it faithfully without being driven? Do my tastes and abilities run to clerking, salesmanship, science, literature, art, law, medicine, engineering, pedagogy, agriculture, mechanics, manual labor, or nothing in particular? What sort of people do I like to associate with? What do I want to be doing five, ten, or twenty years from now? Straight-forward answers to these and a dozen similar questions that readily suggest themselves may mean the difference between a life of useful accomplishment and one of hopeless regret. There are high hurdles and low. In some cases it is a fine thing to aim high, but talents differ. A mountain may carry forests on its back, as the poet says, but it can't crack a nut. You have often heard the remark made about a man not especially fitted for his profession, "As a surgeon he'd make a good tailor," "As a singer he'd make a good tinsmith," "As a lawyer he'd make a good bricklayer." If it is advisable to begin at the foot of the ladder, it is equally advisable to choose the right ladder, the one which is not too steep for the prospective climber, and each rung of which is a goal worth reaching.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

One finds it hard to write about Lincoln, without drifting into sentimental idealism. For we are apt to overlook any fault or blemish in those we love most. However, one should try to picture Lincoln as he really was, and not overlook his fault.

Abraham Lincoln was born in a wretched hovel in the backwoods of Kentucky. His father was a shiftless, improvident and aimless settler, who moved from place to place, and never seemed satisfied to settle down. This

probably accounts for the squalid condition of the home. His mother, a hardworking and disappointed woman, died while Abe was still young. After her death his father moved to Indiana where he again married. The new lady of the house was energetic, and ambitious for the welfare of the children. She taught young Abe reading, writing, and elementary arithmetic. His schooling consisted of a few weeks attendance at a little log school-house, during the winter months.

As a young boy Lincoln had to work hard, and this was what made him grow up to be such a strong man, both in character and body. He excelled in all manly sports, and was a leader in his community. People marvelled at his powers of thinking, and many of his compositions were published in the country news. It is said of Lincoln that he never used his great strength to hurt or torture anything or anyone. He would often go out of his way to relieve some suffering animal.

After leaving home he took whatever work he could obtain. He worked as a flatboat hand and we are told that on one of these trips down the Mississippi he witnessed the sale of a slave, which gave him a decided opinion on slavery. For several years he lived in New Salem, Illinois, where he clerked in a store and worked in a mill. When the Black Hawk War broke out, he was elected captain of a volunteer company and distinguished himself not in the number of Indians he killed, but in saving the life of one old chief who strayed into his camp, from the malice of his companions. He then turned to politics, but as his popularity was not widespread, he was defeated. Next he set up business with a dissolute partner who drank whiskey, while Lincoln studied. The business was a failure, however, and he was then adrift again for a time. He was made postmaster, but this only partially defrayed his living expenses. At this period he began studying law, reading whatever books he could borrow. He gained experience by pleading petty cases, expecting no fee. He also became a circuit judge and gained much experience in that way.

His popularity grew, and he was chosen as candidate for the state legislature. He was elected and thrice re-elected. Later he was a candidate for the senatorship of Illinois and was successful in his campaign. His career was not very brilliant, however, and he was little known in the East. As a lawyer he wasn't very successful, as he was influenced too much by his personal feelings and emotions. But when his sympathy was aroused he could plead the case so eloquently as to astonish and delight his listeners.

In the meantime he had some troubles of a private nature. He loved and was loved by Ann Rutledge, a most attractive and estimable girl. Her sudden death caused him such anguish that he said he was afraid to carry

WATERLOO HIGH SCHOOL

a pocket-knife for fear of committing suicide. After recovering from this sorrow, he started paying his attentions to Mary Owens, but was refused. Next he met and proposed to Mary Todd, and was accepted. It seems he was not sure of his love for her and committed an unpardonable breach of etiquette by absenting himself on their wedding day. Later they made up and were happily married. But everybody understood that his only real love had been Ann Rutledge.

The progress in his career from then on was not very astonishing, so I will pass over it and take up his presidential campaign. In 1858 he became a candidate for the senatorship again. His opponent was Stephen Douglas. "The Little Giant." Their debates and speeches became of intense interest all over the country and the name "Honest Abe" was on the lips of many. Although he lost the senatorship he did gain the candidacy for the Presidency. In 1860 he was elected by the people to the highest office in the nation. His election was regarded by the "big men" in Washington as an accident of politics and a great calamity. He was censored and ridiculed by the papers but he bore it all with kindhearted tolerance. The people didn't realize that he was probably the only man fitted for such a position as he now held. He instinctively understood what was needed and what is more he proceeded to work out that need according to his own ideas and plans. He was not above taking the advice of others but he never let it influence him to do something he knew was radically wrong. He was one of the common people and he understood them better than could a more dignified and reserved statesman. He possessed many qualities which made him a great man and statesman. He was an extraordinarily clever speaker and could sway his audience any way he wished. The following incident illustrates this fact. Noah Brooks, one of Lincoln's most intimate associates, relates in one of his articles, that he remembers once meeting a choleric old Democrat striding away from an open air meeting where Lincoln was speaking, striking the earth with his cane as he stumped along and exclaiming, "He's a dangerous man! a d——d dangerousus man! He makes you believe what he says in spite of yourself!" Mr. Brooks attributes this to Lincoln's manner. He seemed to admit away his whole case, but his political opponents complained, he usually carried conviction with him. As he reasoned with his audience, he bent his long form over the platform railing, stooping lower and lower as he argued, until having reached his point, he clinched it (usually with a question) and then sprang upright, reminding one of the springing open of a jack-knife blade.

Lincoln's shrewdness is well known, but he had in him a certain element of childlike simplicity. If reference was made to anything unfamiliar

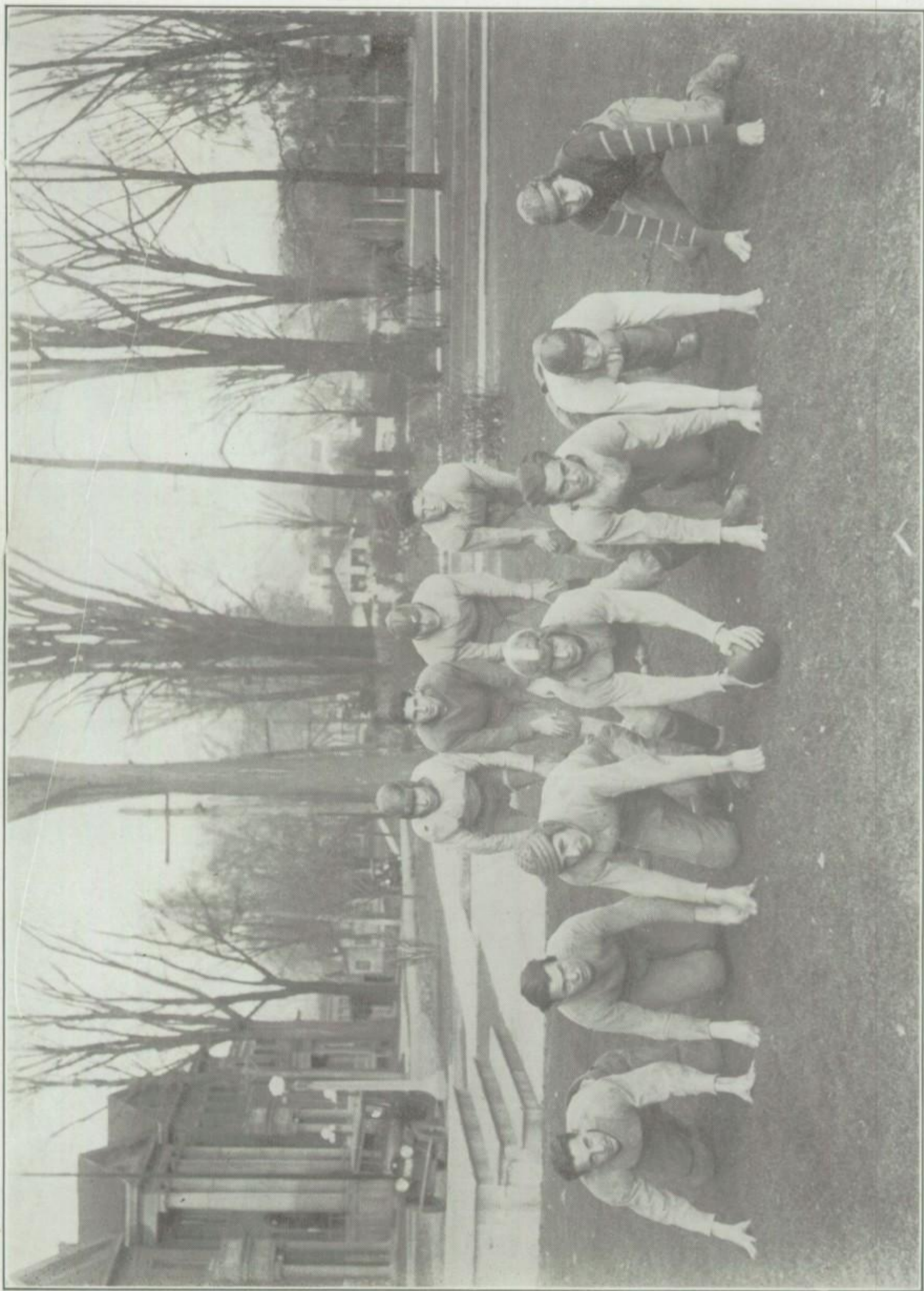
to him he would want to know all about it. "What do you suppose makes that tree grow that way," he would ask, and he wasn't satisfied until he found out. Or he would take one of his boys' toys to pieces, find out how it was made and put it together again. "Tad," his youngest son, on more than one occasion, had cause to bewail his father's curiosity. One day as Lincoln was studying a photograph of himself, in which one leg was crossed over the other, he said, "Now, I can understand why that foot should be enormous. It's a big foot, anyway, and it is near the focus of the instrument, but why is the outline of it so indistinct and blurred? I'm confident I did not move it." He was told that probably the throbbing of the large arteries inside the bend of the knee caused an almost imperceptible motion. Lincoln was very much interested in the discovery as he called it, immediately took the position of the figure in the picture, and narrowly watched his foot, exclaiming, "That's it! That's it! Now, that's very curious isn't it?" Similarly when someone told him the somewhat fantastic derivation of a word, he said, "Now that is very queer, and I shall never say capricious again without thinking of the skipping of a goat." He is said to have coined a few words himself, one or two of them are come-up-ence, and interrup-tous.

He also had a wonderful memory. He committed all of the Euclid and many passages from Shakespeare to memory and often astonished his friends by quotations from this store of knowledge. He was well known for his ability to remember the smallest details of acquaintances and incidents in his life. It would be almost impossible to list all of his virtues but if we go into detail concerning a few of the most prominent we will find him to be a most extraordinary man. He spent all his life in storing away knowledge and if he had lived longer he would probably have become one of the foremost writers of the age.

In closing this brief synopsis of his life, no greater tribute can be paid him, than the slightly altered words, put in Wolsey's mouth by Shakespeare and say he:

"Loved himself last, cherished the hearts that hated him;
Still in his right hand carried gentle peace
To silence envious tongues, was just and feared not;
That all the ends he aimed at were his country's,
His God's and truths; and when at last he fell,
He fell a blessed martyr!"

JOHN F. PRICE.



Foot Ball Team of 1926

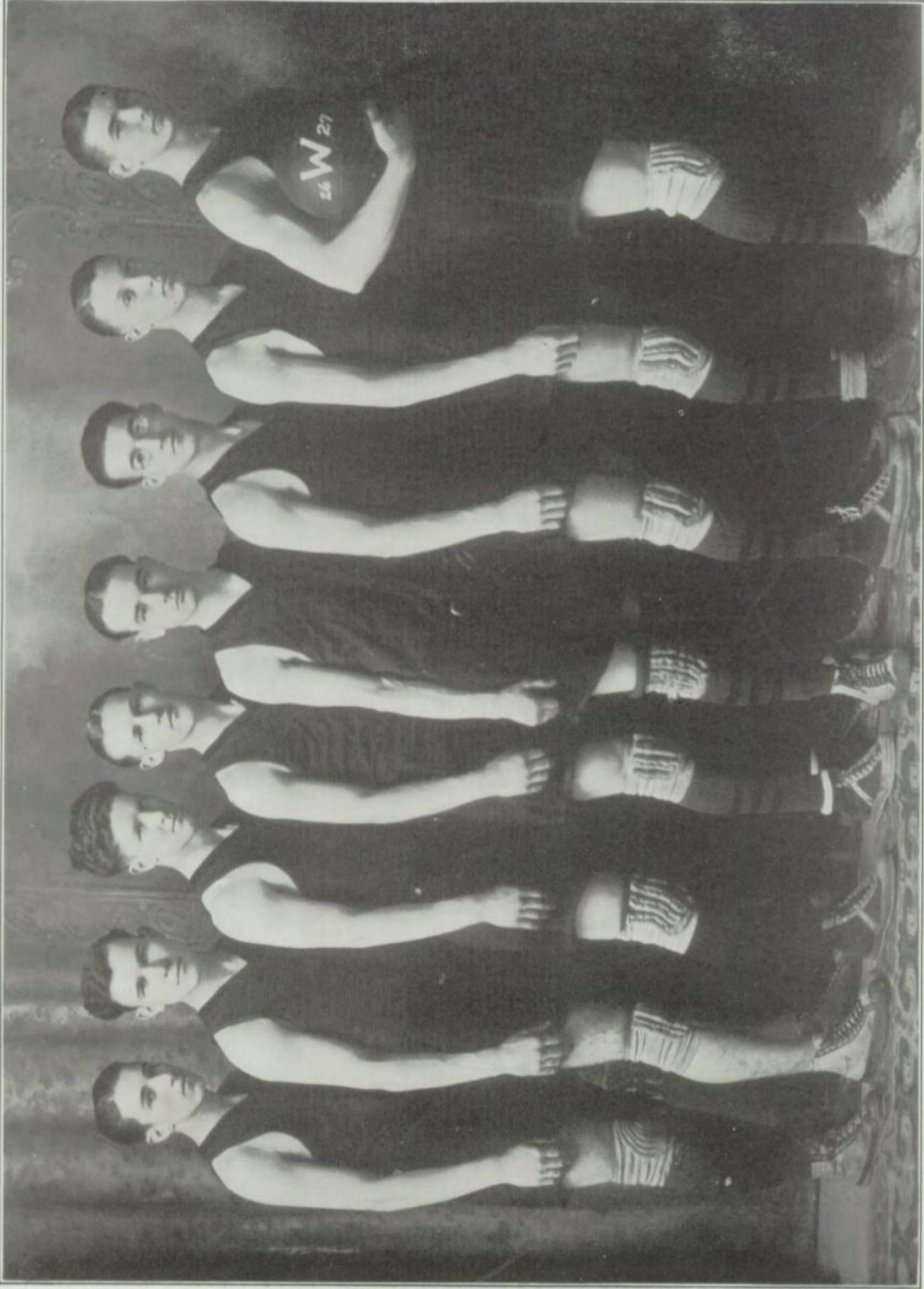


The season of 1926, the second year that Waterloo High has been represented by a team in this particular branch of athletics in a number of years, proved to be a very successful one. The team was again very light but the boys had profited by their experience of the preceding season and displayed a much better knowledge of football. The spirit throughout the entire season was exceptionally good and what the boys lacked in weight and experience they more than made up for in grit and enthusiasm. Under the guidance of Mr. Hertenstein and Mr. Cook, ably assisted by Mr. Miller, James Green, and Kenneth Fegley, a smooth working combination was developed. The opening game against St. Francis De Sales in Geneva was lost largely through lack of practice and lack of football knowledge by some of the younger boys on the team. After the first game, however, Waterloo was not defeated or even scored upon for the remainder of the season. The scores of the games played:

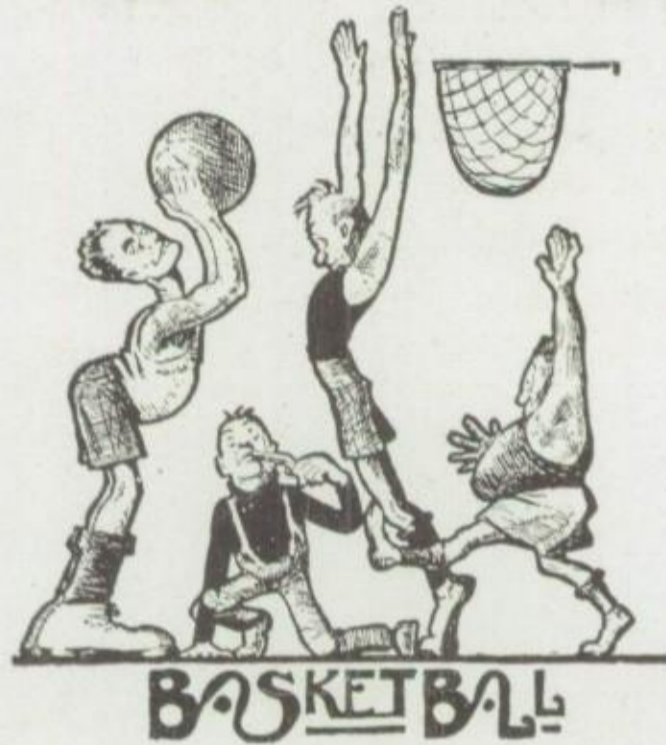
Waterloo	0	St. Francis De Sales	13	at Geneva
Waterloo	6	Geneva H. S. Reserves	0	at Waterloo
Waterloo	20	Shortsville H. S.	0	at Shortsville
Waterloo	6	Mynderse Academy	0	at Seneca Falls
Waterloo	38	Shortsville H. S.	0	at Waterloo
Waterloo	6	Camillus H. S.	0	at Camillus

These boys were awarded block "W's" in football:

Harold Archer	Gordon Henningson	George McKevitt
James Baker	James Long	Francis McDonald
John Gerard	James Morrin	John Price
William Hartranft	Joseph McKone	Evan Staley
	Laverne Waterman	



Basket Ball Team, 1926-1927



The 1926 team of Waterloo High School was one of the finest aggregations representing this school, famous for good basketball teams, in many years. Although Waterloo was not able to win the newly organized Finger Lakes League pennant it made a very creditable showing by finishing in a tie with Geneva for second place. All of the teams in the league represent schools much larger than Waterloo High, but even so it was only the breaks of the game that prevented Waterloo from winning all of their league contests. It was an unusual season in many respects. Waterloo won 16 games and lost 5, scoring 594 points to their opponents 408. Every team that defeated Waterloo was in turn defeated by Waterloo, and by a larger margin. Two games were lost by a single point and two others were lost in overtime periods. From a financial standpoint the season was also a great success. It served also to demonstrate again very strikingly the inadequacy of the school gymnasium as a suitable place to accommodate the throngs of people in Waterloo who are interested in good clean sport. Scores of the games played follow:

Waterloo 35	Genesee Institute of Rochester	19	at Waterloo
Waterloo 24	Canandaigua Academy	25	at Waterloo
Waterloo 32	East Syracuse	17	at E. Rochester
Waterloo 32	East Rochester	17	at Waterloo
Waterloo 18	Rochester School of Commerce	15	at Waterloo
Waterloo 43	East Rochester	16	at Waterloo
Waterloo 28	Alumni	8	at Waterloo
Waterloo 30	Geneva	31	at Waterloo
Waterloo 26	Mynderse Academy	12	at Seneca Falls

WATERLOO HIGH SCHOOL

Waterloo 35	Penn Yan Academy	18	at Waterloo
Waterloo 21	Canandaigua Academy	19	at Canandaigua
Waterloo 27	Geneva	14	at Waterloc
Waterloo 34	Mynderse Academy	11	at Waterloo
Waterloo 15	Penn Yan Academy	21	at Penn Yan
Waterloo 35	East Syracuse	34	at E. Syracuse
Waterloo 22	Groton	21	at Waterloo
Waterloo 31	Brick Church Institute	27	at Waterloo
Waterloo 31	Palmyra	17	at Waterloo
Waterloo 27	Palmyra	18	at Palmyra
Waterloo 19	Groton	26	at Groton
Waterloo 38	Shortsville	13	at Waterloo

Final standing of teams in the Finger Lakes Leagues:

	Won	Lost	Percentage
Canandaigua	6	2	750
Waterloo	5	3	633
Geneva	5	3	633
Penn Yan	4	4	500
Seneca Falls	0	8	000

Captain Frederick Hammond made a very creditable record in this his last year of playing for Waterloo. During the season he was high scorer for W. H. S. earning a total of 189 points to his opponents 41. The other W. H. S. players who received their block W's and honor sweaters scored as shown:

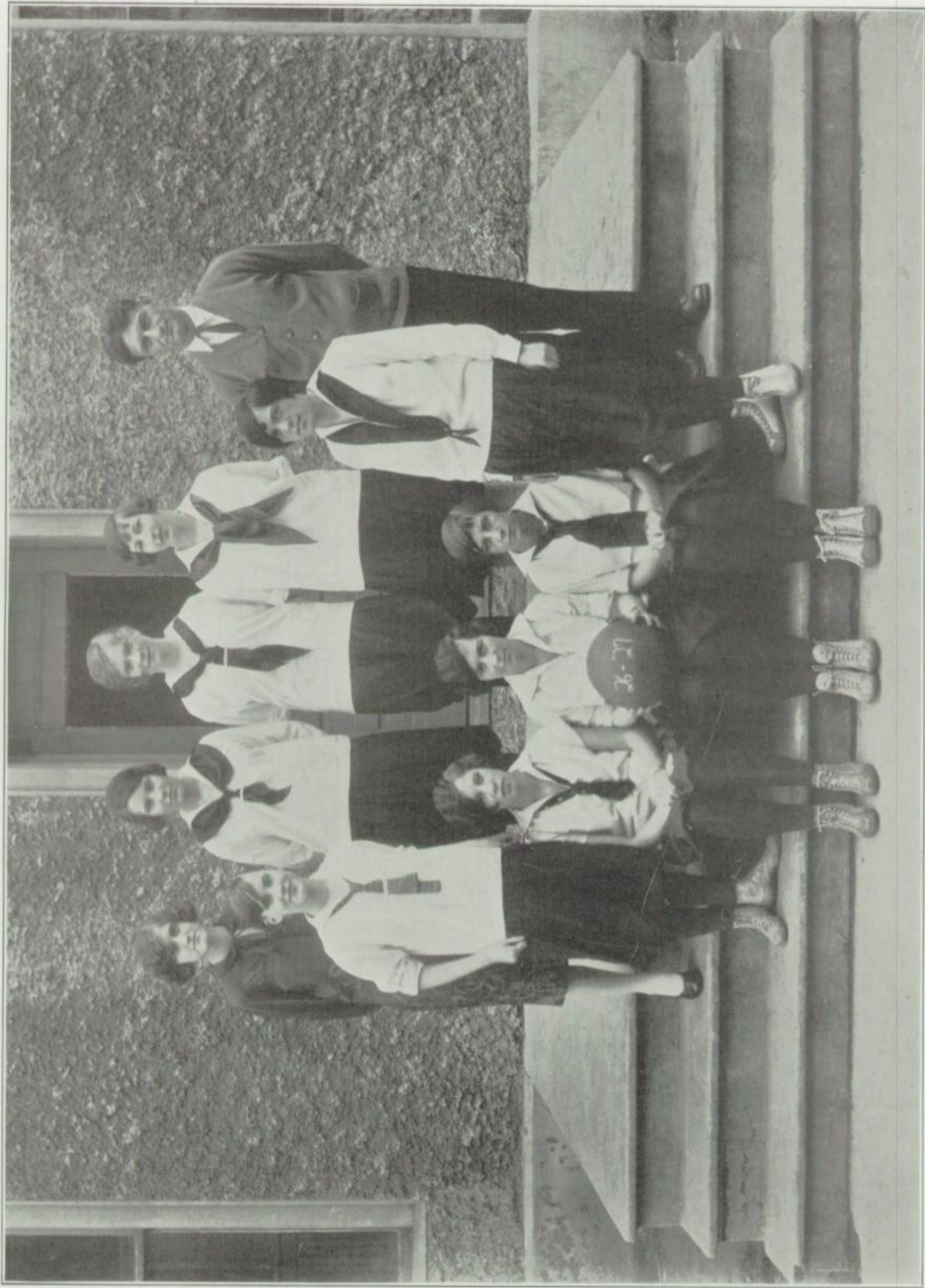
McKevitt	-	-	-	-	-	-	151 points
McDonald	-	-	-	-	-	-	118
Curle	-	-	-	-	-	-	59
Bordner	-	-	-	-	-	-	23
Ramsey	-	-	-	-	-	-	14
Baker	-	-	-	-	-	-	10
Schott	-	-	-	-	-	-	8

His Last Week

The year had gloomily begun,
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's
Sun.
He was beset by bill and dun,
And he had very little
Mon.
"This cash," said he, "won't pay my dues,
I've nothing here but ones and
Tues."
A bright thought struck him, and he said,
"The rich Miss Goldrocks I will
Wed."
But when he paid his court to her,
She lisped, but firmly said, "No,
Thur."
"Alas!" cried he, "then I must die."
His soul went where they say souls
Fri.
They found his gloves and coat and hat,
And then the coroner upon them
Sat.
A. R. C., '27.

Two lovers sat on the back porch
With their kisses, oh, so sweet.
Foot-steps were heard inside the house—
One lover was in the street.

GORDON HEINZMAN.



Basket Ball Team, 1926-1927

Girls' Basket Ball

The 1926 season found the girls' basketball squad composed almost entirely of inexperienced players. With this handicap it was a difficult task to develop a winning team. During the early season the girls were defeated in several games by quite large scores, but they were also playing against exceptionally good girls' team. The girls were not discouraged and practiced faithfully and at the season's close were playing good, fast basketball. The playing of Marjorie Kerridge and Esther Thorpe was especially commendable. Much good material was developed for next season and Waterloo should have a girls' basketball team of which they may well be proud.

The scores of the games played:

Waterloo 5	Canandaigua Academy	27 at Waterloo
Waterloo 13	Penn Yan Academy	50 at Penn Yan
Waterloo 6	Rochester School of Commerce	20 at Waterloo
Waterloo 9	Mynderse Academy	13 at Seneca Falls
Waterloo 17	Canandaigua Academy	39 at Canandaigua
Waterloo 17	Mynderse Academy	15 at Waterloo
Waterloo 32	Penn Yan Academy	30 at Waterloo

The following girls were awarded old English W's for basketball:

Doris Dougherty	Frances Laffan
Marjorie Kerridge	Cassandra Waterman
Esther Thorpe	Adelaide Waterman
Leatha Sweet	Elizabeth Price
Dorothy Twist, Manager.	



Base Ball Squad, 1927



The baseball talent in Waterloo High School this spring was very much of an unknown quantity. So many of the main-stays of former teams had been graduated, and so little good material was available for development that prospects were not bright for a very successful season. In spite of these conditions the most attractive schedule in a number of seasons was arranged. It was thought that the boys would learn more baseball by being beaten by good teams than they would by being able to defeat poorer teams. The chief object of this season was to develop young players for future years, so that Waterloo may turn out as good baseball teams as they have in the past. The schedule as arranged for this season follows:

April	19	-	-	-	Ovid at Ovid
	22	-	-	-	Ovid at Waterloo
	29	-	-	-	Penn Yan at Waterloo
	30	-	-	-	Mynderse Academy at Seneca Falls
May	6	-	-	-	Syracuse Freshmen at Waterloo
	13	-	-	-	Penn Yan at Penn Yan
	14	-	-	-	Mynderse Academy at Waterloo
	20	-	-	-	Fairport at Waterloo
	27	-	-	-	Auburn at Waterloo
	28	-	-	-	Fairport at Fairport
	30	-	-	-	Watkins Glenn at Watkins Glenn
June	3	-	-	-	Shortsville at Shortsville
	4	-	-	-	Auburn at Auburn
	11	-	-	-	Watkins Glen at Waterloo

MOTTOES OF FAMOUS MEN OF 1927

Calder—"Marriage is a lottery in which the minister takes no chances."

Boak—"It's a wise son who knows when to ask his father for money."

Curle—"Millions for cigarettes!
But not one cent
To pay my debts."

Gilmore—"Kissing is one way to remove paint."

McKevitt—"Make love while the moon shines."

J. Price—"Go slow and get left."

Semtner—"Do nothing for nothing, but do everything for something."

Harris—"May the best man win! May I be the best man."

Birch—"Every man is entitled to his own opinion, if it agrees with mine."

Pullman—"Make haste slowly."

A. Price—"Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow."

Ramsey—"Better to wear out than to rust out—the other fellow's cars."

Hoy—"Two dirty socks on the feet are better than one in the eye."

Semtner—"God helps those who help themselves."

Archer—"Every keg must stand upon its own bottom."

Connolly—"A girl in a Ford coupe—is worth two on the sidewalk."

Strategy

She put her hand around his neck
And gave it an awful wrench,
Then off she pulled his cap so bright,
And set him on a bench.
When she turned him o'er the blood surged out.
But she poured it in a cup
Not a bit of distaste for the work she'd done
For it was only a bottle of catsup.

MARY HALL.

Taking Pictures

John gave his Brownie camera
To Don and me to keep,
So we thought we'd take a picture
Of my uncle's flock of sheep.

And when we pressed the button
At all their funny faces,
Quick as lightning they wheeled 'round,
And rushed for other places.

And when the film was printed off,
We laughed! And laughed in gales!
For what we thought we snapped was heads,
But what we took was tails.

EARL H. LAHR.

A VULGAR HABIT

A habit with which most Americans are familiar is gum-chewing in public. Everywhere one goes he is certain to see a few who are adherents to this disgusting practice. It is deemed among people of refinement a thing to be avoided, as it is vulgar and offensive. It may well be called "The bovine habit," as it reminds one of a cow that is continuously chewing on a cud.

When an American is seen chewing gum in France he is classed as a "foreign imbecile" who has not yet learned the manners of good society; for the French people as a whole, are a very polished people and detest the American vulgarities.

This habit is not confined solely to the uncultured class, for it is commonly noticed among people of the higher educated class. Everywhere—in schools, crowded cities, small villages, street cars, dance halls and even lunch rooms is found a crowd of the kind of people who make gum-chewing a part of their daily lives.

"You are known by your companions," is an adage which is true. It may be modified so as to read, "You are known by your habits," which modification would include all of the gum-chewers in the country. It is a habit which is inexcusable and one to be shunned.

Children chew gum because they like the flavor; adults, for the pleasure they get out of it, and others in the adult class, because all of their friends do, or they think it distinguishes them from the out-of-date and places them with the up-to-date person, the kind of person they are striving to be. But the real up-to-date person refrains from this plebian custom and is antipathetic to the sight of those about him who are thoroughly absorbed in rumination.

ANNA CARROLL, 27.

NATURE

One commonly neglected form of our education is the study of nature. We spend hours studying the conquests of Caesar, but how much time do we spend investigating the habits and environments of horses that played such an important part in those wars? We can recite the conjugations of Latin verbs in every declension, but can we, as we walk down the street, tell the name of every tree we see? We read a beautiful poem with all the wonders of nature embodied in it; admire the inspiring thoughts of the author; but we sometimes fail to recognize the fact that nature, the flowers, birds, insects and animals are directly the cause of that poem's creation.

We, as modern students, should make it a point to examine the elements of the universe more closely. Languages, histories and mathematics are very educational, but the study of nature should not be omitted. Not only books, but observation is an essential source of information. The average American citizen is so rushed in the whirl of his social and business life that he believes he hasn't time to observe nature. He has never felt the thrill of walking through the still forest or hearkening to the beautiful notes of a bird. We can acquire knowledge of nature at our very doors if we will pause a moment in the rush of our duties and watch and listen, always remembering that our very source of life is nature.

MARY BUTLER.



LYRIL FOSTER '26

JOKES



Coach Cook—"Are you a good baseball player?"

McDonald—"No, I'm a prohibitionist."

Coach Cook—"What's that got to do with it?"

McDonald—"Well, I don't like a high ball and I never touch a drop."

———W———

H. Birch—"I'm afraid we're going in the hole on our Senior Play."

E. Paine—"Why, what's the matter?"

H. Birch—"The scene's laid in the subway."

———W———

M. Cook—"Would you advise me to continue music, Mrs. Ryan?"

Mrs. Ryan—"Certainly, you may become a very successful soloist on a cash register."

———W———

In an official interview with a Skoi-Yase reporter "Peggy" Robinson stated that she owes her success to a simple rule. "I always keep my hair curled, my temper, my courage up, my feet dry and my nose powdered."

———W———

Miss Hiller—"Why are you always late to school?"

Doris D.—"Because of a sign I have to pass on my way here."

Miss Hiller—"What has that to do with it?"

Doris D.—"Why it says, school ahead go slow."

———W———

Miss Reamer—"Can you prove that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the two sides of this triangle?"

G. McKevitt—"I don't have to prove it; I admit it."

Jack Gerard—"Would you pick up a dirty slippery worm from the street?"

Mary Covert—"Why of course not."

Jack Gerard—"Then you're no chicken."

———W———

Mrs. Ryan—"Where did you learn to sing?"

J. Frantz—"In a correspondence school."

Mrs. Ryan—"Well, some of your lessons must have lost in the mail."

———W———

E. Webster—"Did you see that girl smile at me?"

M. Dodd—"That's nothing. When I first saw you I burst out laughing."

———W———

Gilmore—"Here comes Mr. Hertenstein with his hair cut. Must be he was paid today."

J. Long—"Yes, prosperity always goes to a guy's head."

———W———

Mr. Baldwin (jeweler)—"Here is a fine watch for only \$40 with a green gold case."

Coach Cook—"Whew! How much will it be when it's ripe?"

———W———

Miss Proskine, our Commercial teacher, has recently changed her avocation. Formerly she was interested in producing "Wooley" enthusiasm, now she is taking up the Parcel Post Business, and is spending all her time practicing "Old Black Joe."

———W———

Dedicated to Paul Laube

You all make fun of our bobbed hair,
Let's hear you laugh, old dears,
But funnier still, is the female male
Who wears sideburns below his ears.

———W———

Visitor—"Every time I see one of your drawings I stop and wonder—"

Miss Howland—"How I do it?"

Visitor—"Oh, no; why!"

———W———

Norma—"This hammock is ideal."

Jim—"Yes?"

Norma—"Yes. It's large enough for one and strong enough for two."

WATERLOO HIGH SCHOOL

Baker J.—“Please give me just one.”

Norma—“I can't. It's Lent.”

Baker—“When will you get it back.”

———W———

Boak—“Did you ever notice that girls are better looking than boys?”

Hoy—“Why, naturally.”

Boak—“No, artificially.”

———W———

Mr. Pontius has joined the “Owls Club.” He is training for a marathon runner and is taking singing lessons so that he will be better fitted to give Baby Paul proper attention and entertainment. Never mind, Laverne, the hand that rocks the cradle—sometimes goes to sleep—before the baby does!

———W———

The Most Foolish Thing

“Don't you want to buy a bicycle to ride around your farm?” asked the hardware clerk and he wrapped up the nails for Heinzman. “They're cheap now! I can sell you a first class one for \$35.”

“I'd rather spend \$35 on a cow,” replied Gordon.

“But think,” persisted the clerk, “how foolish you would look riding around on a cow.”

“Oh, I don't know,” said Gordon, “I wouldn't look any more foolish I guess, than I would milking a bicycle.”

———W———

Now You Tell One

Samples of bright answers found on Regents papers in Biology:

1. One benefit of plants to man is that they may be used to decorate graves.
2. Fish hatcheries prevent fish from becoming distinct.
3. A vegetable food that might be substituted for meat is eggs.
4. Exercise after meals is injurious because you might strain some part of the stomach and cause death.
5. The nose is an organ of excretion.
6. A nervous person should bathe at least once a week and oftener if possible.
7. Breathing through the mouth lets air into the brains.
8. Biology has taught me to have my teeth cleaned at least once a year.
9. Grasshoppers lay their eggs in shallow streams.
10. The roots of trees are usually nearer the ground than the leaves.

Officer Van Riper has threatened to arrest some of the Waterloo boys for standing in front of Brignall's, and charge them with murder for shooting butts.

———W———

When Eve ate that apple,
She wished at once for clothes;
Some girls of our acquaintance
Need apples just like those.

———W———

When ice cream grows on maple trees,
And Sahara gets real muddy,
When frogs and snakes wear B. V. D's
Then, the Sophomores will study.

———W———

Tell Me

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,
Or a key for a lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called a high school, because there
are pupils there?
In the crown of his head what gems are set?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail,
And if so, what did it do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'll be hanged if I know—do you?

———W———

V. Reader—"How in the world did you get that wavy hair?"

R. McDonald—"Turning sommersaults on a corrugated roof in my youth."

———W———

"Young man," said C. E. F., "You told me yesterday afternoon that you had an engagement with the dentist."

"Yes, sir, I did," replied Gerard.

"Well, I saw you at the ball game."

"Yes, sir. The short man with me was my dentist."

———W———

Breathes there a Frosh with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
"I hope my teacher's sick in bed."

WATERLOO HIGH SCHOOL

Fred. Hammond (protesting)—“But perhaps you could use this article if I boiled it down.”

Mr. Miller—“Nothing doing. If you were to boil a gallon of water down to a pint it would still be water.”

——W——

Joe—“I can’t seem to get the hang of this new dance. I always end on the wrong foot.”

Miss Proskine—“Usually mine.”

——W——

Van Winckle—“I am beginning to think you are a German.”

Mr. H.—“Why?”

Van Winckle—“Your marks are so low.”

——W——

One of our terrible tempered students, in a fit of rage, broke the back of Caesar, tore the appendix out of Cicero, and pulled the Tale of Two Cities.

——W——

J. Long—“I am going to graduate.”

D. Campbell—“In what course?”

J. Long—“In the course of time.”

——W——

Of powder some,
A little curl,
A daub of paint,
A pretty girl
A good hard rain,
Away she goes—
A homely girl with a freckled nose.

——W——

F—ierce lessons
L—ate hours
U—nexpected company
N—o preparation
K—nocked standings.

——W——

“Dear Mr. Foley,” wrote Doris’ mother, “please excuse Doris for not coming to school yesterday. She fell downstairs. By doing the same you will greatly oblige.

“Her mother.”

Miss Hiller—"Could there be anything worse than a man without a country?"

E. Nash—"Yes, a country without a man."

—W—

Little drops of nonsense,
Little grains of verse,
Keep the pessimistic world
From growing any worse.

—W—

Old Father Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get his poor self a drink,
But as he drew nigh
The country went dry,
So he got him a drink at the sink.

—W—

For Sale

One Ford car, with a piston ring,
Two rear wheels, one front spring,
Has no fenders, seat nor plank,
Burns much gas and is hard to crank,
Carburetor's busted half way through,
Engine's missing, hits on two,
Nine years old, ten in the spring;
Shock disturbers and everything,
Radiator's busted—sure does leak,
Differential's dry, can hear it squeak.
Ten spokes missing, front all bent,
Tires blowed out, isn't worth a cent.
Got lots of speed, runs like the duce,
Burns either gas or tobacco juice.
Tires all off, been run on the rim,
But it's a blame good Ford—for the shape its in.

Inquire of John Berry.

—W—

An army man tells of a chaplain, newly inducted into the service, who lamented the fact that many men spent their evenings at the club. "Undoubtedly," he said, "the club is the place for bachelors. It is not right, however, for married men to pass the evening away from home, while their poor wives sadly rock the cradle with one foot and wipe away the tears with the other."

WATERLOO HIGH SCHOOL

Prof. H.—“Only fools are positive.”

Don Ramsey—“Are you sure of that?”

Prof. H.—“Positive.”

—W—

Some Things I'd Like to Have:

A man to awaken the sleepers of the railway track,
A hat for the head of a nail,
A key to fit an elephant's trunk,
A splinter from a sunbeam,
The club with which to strike an idea,
A ruler to measure a narrow escape.

—W—

A big boy from Amazon
Put nighties on his gramazon
The reason's that
He was too fat
To get his own pajamazon.

—W—

“Peanut” Archer—“Is it time that the school orchestra broke up?”

Mrs. Ryan—“No, why?”

“Peanut” Archer—“Oh, I just heard it was in eight pieces.”

—W—

The student who burns the midnight oil,
May rise to heights of fame;
But John D. who sells that midnight oil
Still gets there just the same.

—W—

To Frances Purcell

I love its gentle warble,
I love its gentle flow,
I love to wind my tongue up,
I love to hear it go.

—W—

Prof. Miller in Eng. IV discoursing on the ablative of manner:

For instance—“He killed him with an axe—now that doesn't mean that he killed him accidentally.”

—W—

“The Aritichoke”—“The man I marry must be big, brave, handsome, and intellectual.”

Ramsey—“How fortunate that we met.”

Little drops of moisture,
Always colored red,
Written on report cards,
Nearly knock you dead.

---W---

Mr. Miller (taking the roll)—“I see one who is absent.”

---W---

Mr. Hertenstein—“What is it that makes water go up a straw?”
Charles Harris—“The sucker at the end of it.”

---W---

Miss Howland—“George McKevitt, turn around and sit with your head in front of you.”

---W---

Mr. Miller—“Harold Birch, give the principal parts of the verb chide.”
Harold—“Chide, Child, Children.”

---W---

There once was a girlie named Annie,
Who in anger gave sass to her Grannie;
But the moments of bliss
Just following this,
Weren't many, if any, for Annie.

---W---

A company which manufactures corn syrup recently received the following letter:

“Dear Sirs:

“I have used six cans of your corn syrup, and feet are no better than they were before.

Yours truly,

Donald Boak.”

---W---

Heard at Assembly

Mr. Foley—“Mrs. Ryan, will you play a march as the speakers all pass out?”

WATERLOO HIGH SCHOOL

A young lady named Margaret McQuay
Once said to her teacher, Miss Fahy,
"Whatever I know
It's to you, Miss, I owe."
"Pray, don't mention such trifles."
Said Miss Fahy.

—W—

R. Duffy—"Dad, can you sign your name with your eyes shut?"
Father—"Certainly."
Rod—"Well then, shut your eyes and sign my report card."

—W—

Mrs. Ryan (striking tuning fork)—"What't that, music or noise?"
Al. Price—"Music."
Mrs. R. (striking tin pan)—"And that?"
Al. Price—"That's jazz."

—W—

Mr. Foley—"Albert is quite a musician, isn't he?"
Mrs. Price—"Oh yes! He played on the linoleum when he was only
two years old."

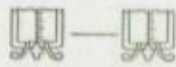
—W—

John Price on entering lunch room—"Do you serve lobsters here?"
Waiter—"Yes, we serve anybody. Step right up."

—W—

Miss Howland is reported to have drawn a picture of a hen so natural
that when it was thrown in the waste basket it laid there. Now cackle!

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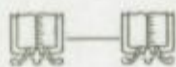
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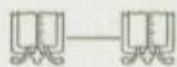
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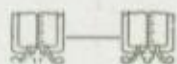
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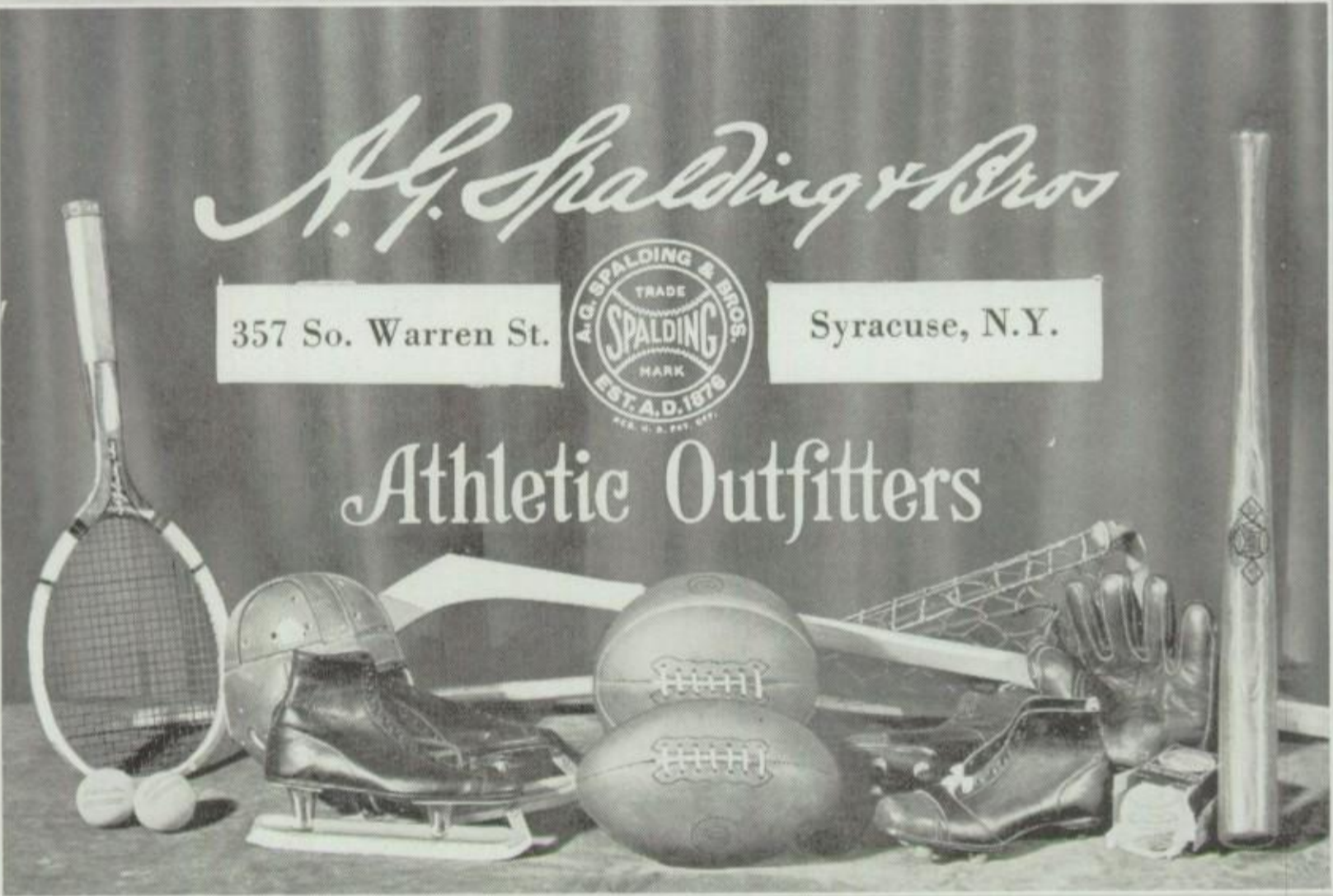
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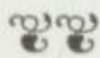
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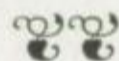
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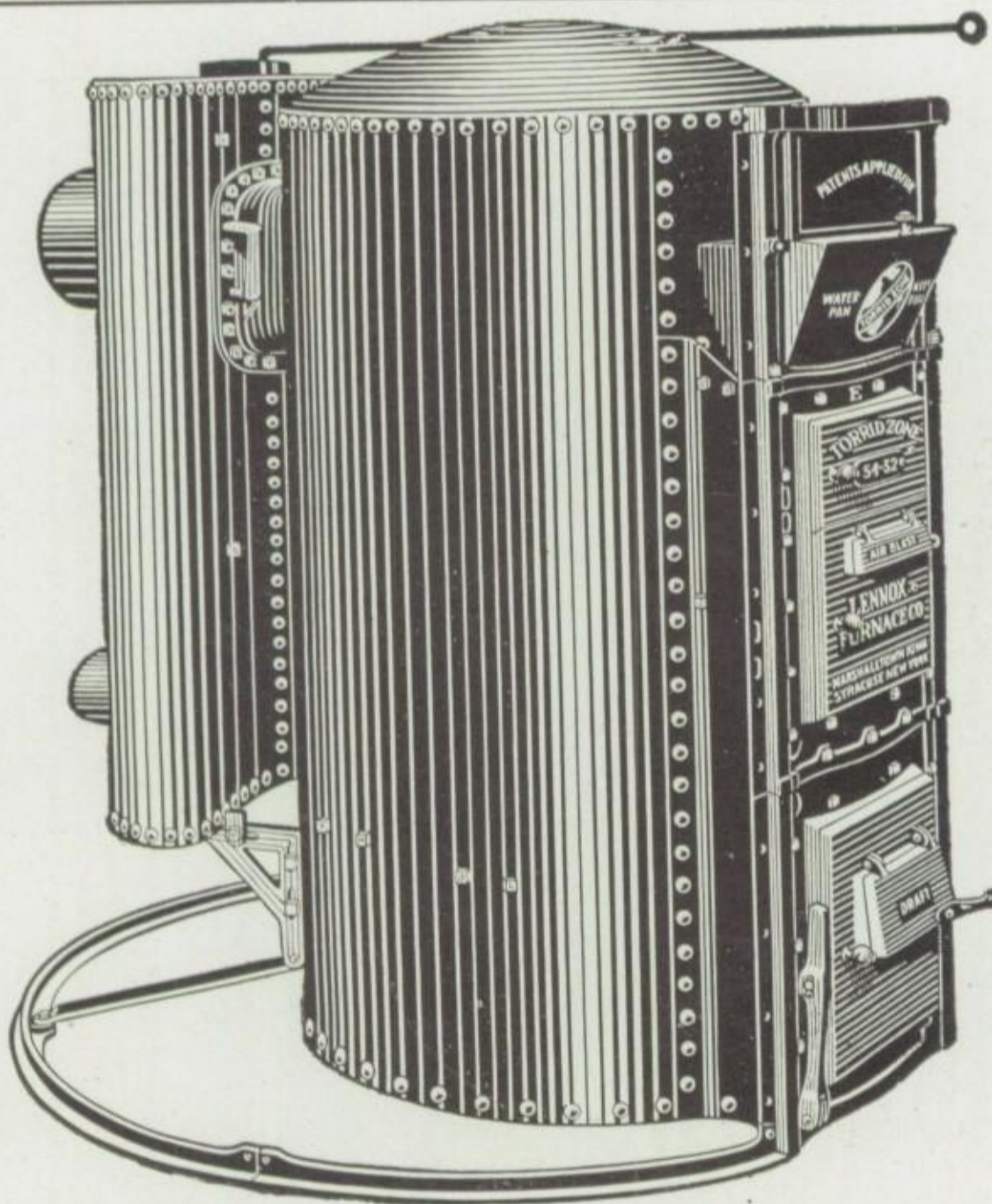
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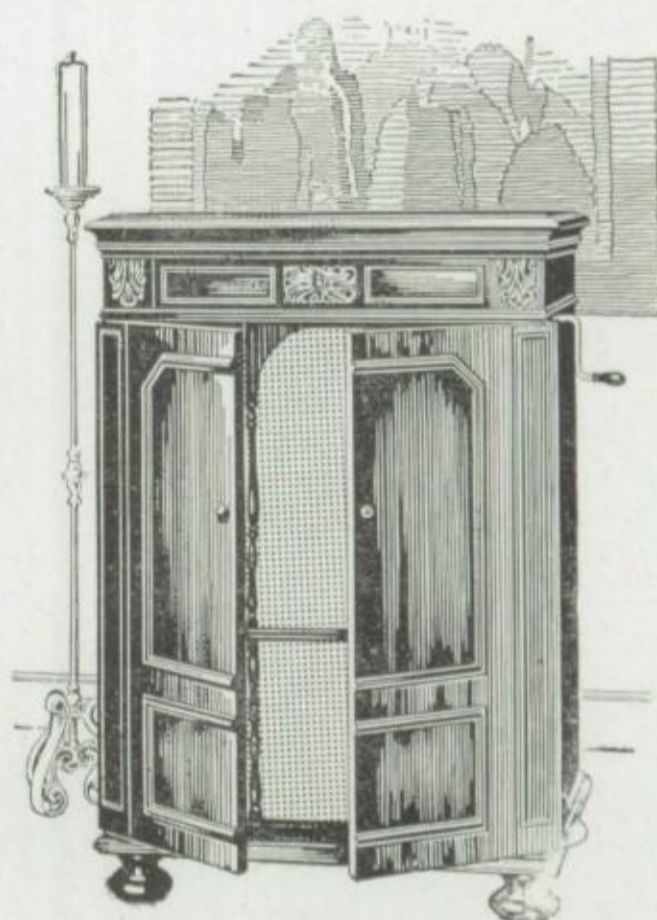
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Soph.—"Except geometry teachers—and they are angleworms."

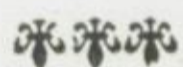
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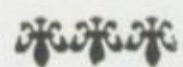
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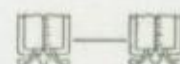
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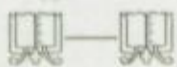
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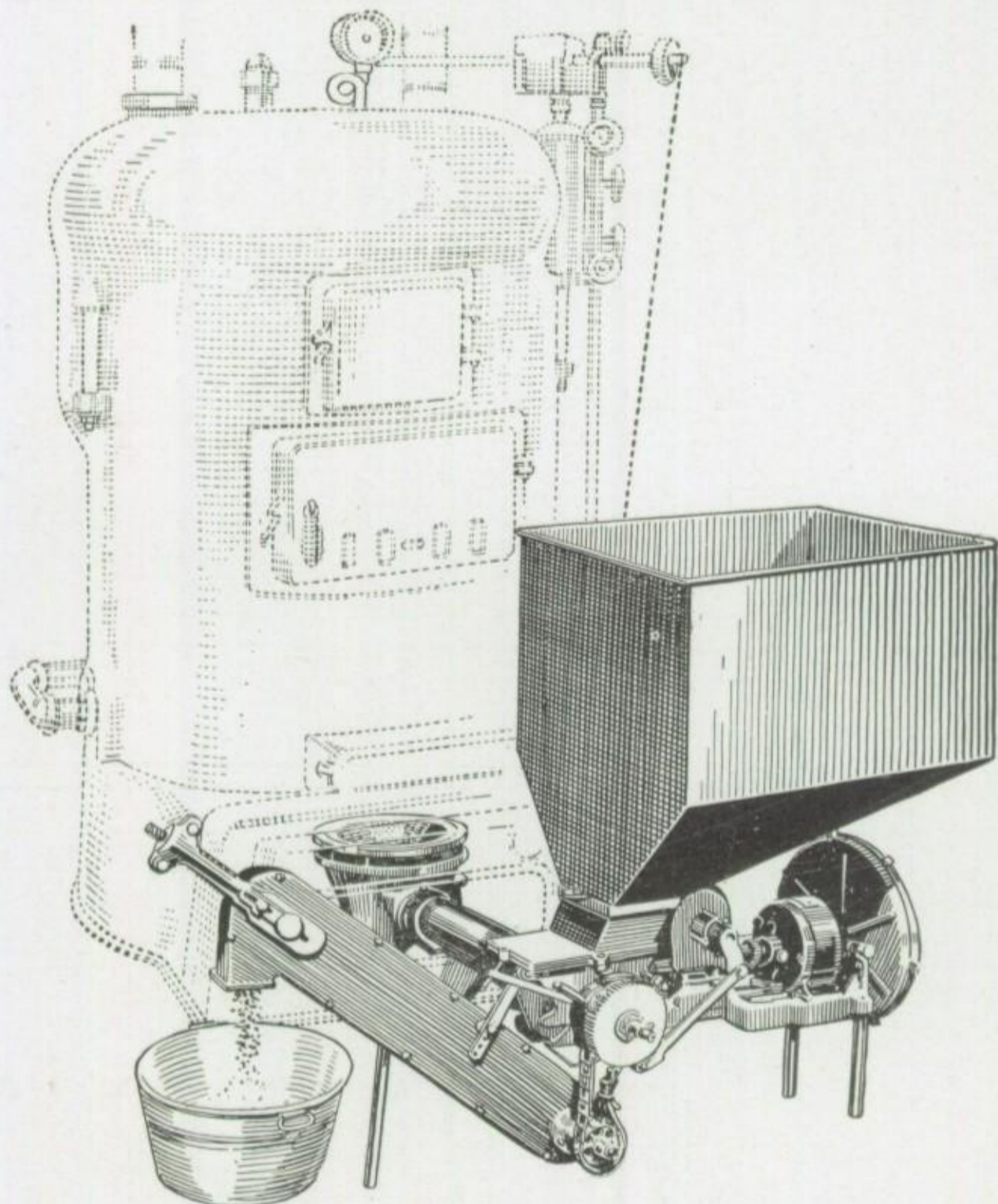
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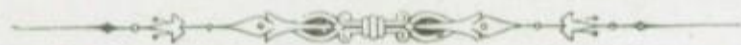
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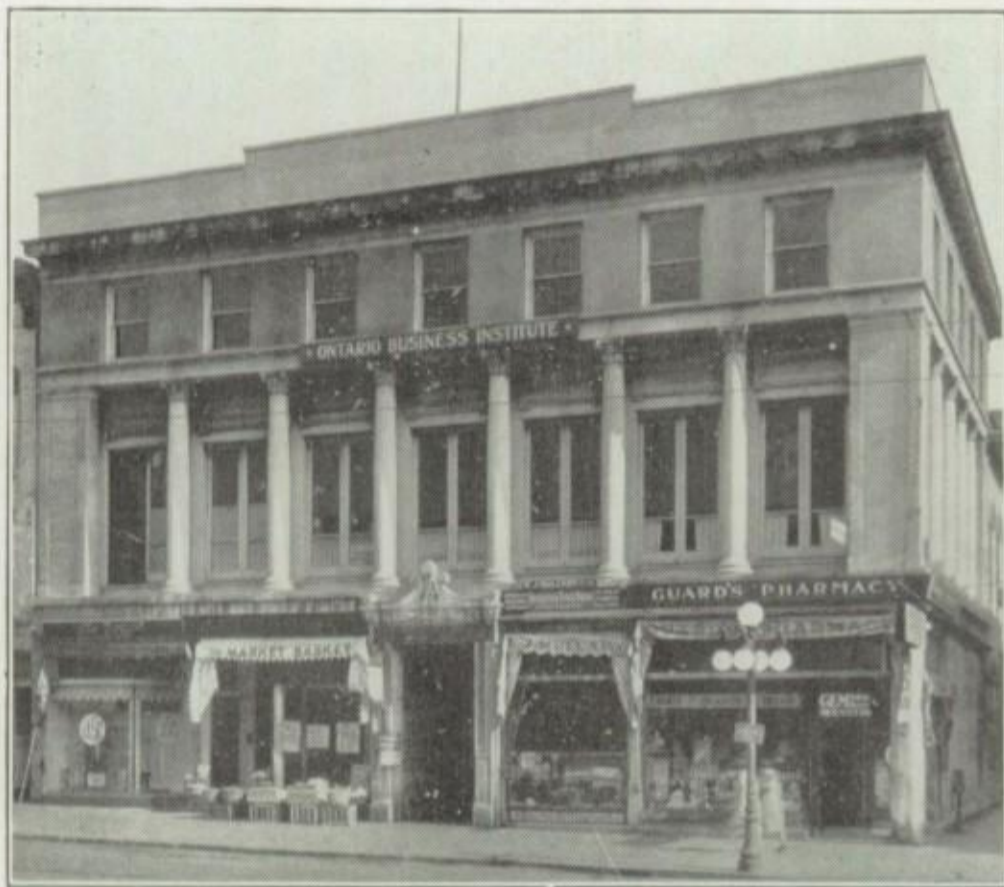
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